

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

\$2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 15--NO. 43.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

VOLUME 25.

## COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY  
LEVI L. TATE.  
IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.  
OFFICE

In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side  
of the Court House. "Democratic Head Quarters."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
\$1 00 In advance, for one copy, for six months.  
\$2 00 In advance, for one copy, one year.  
If not paid within the first three months,  
\$2 50 If not paid within the first six months,  
\$3 00 If not paid within the first nine months,  
and no paper discontinued until all arrearages shall have  
been paid.

Ordinary Advertisements inserted, and Job Work  
executed, at the following prices:

## Original Poetry.

### Our Country's Flag.

When thou for emblem choosest to the breeze  
Just thy standard be honored o'er land and o'er sea.  
No tricolor power thy folds can depress,  
But millions will hail thy presence o'er seas.

In childhood thy strength forth England in despair  
To yield to thy wisdom and crown in her lair.  
No shadow of danger thy vision o'er cast,  
Remains in the future as thou hast been in the past.

Equality thy watchword on thy folds are entwined  
Union and strength on thy folds are entwined.  
Through rebels will rise and o'er shadow the land,  
Thy strength with freedom will stay the foul hand.

Secession is cursed upon the soil it hath tried,  
The blood of brave Lyon the soil deep hath dyed.  
The Emancipation waved o'er the brave head,  
When a fratricidal hand him low with the dead.

Manville, Dec. 25th.

## Amusing Story.

### "CALL A MAN."

A LOVE AND SNAKE STORY.

John Jackson was a very industrious, hardworking young man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child and the only son he had always remained at home, assisting his father on the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies man." The fact was John was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful, well-meaning men, entertained the very highest regards and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize. Nancy Clark was the daughter of a very respectable farmer whose lands adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and as he was a few years her senior, was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in going and returning. At last John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as she had been in past years. John discovered too, that he had been growing in stature and it seemed as if he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared awkward; he didn't know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and taking it all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

Now the truth was, John Jackson was really a fine looking young man, and nothing but his admiration of Nancy could have suggested any such foolish thoughts about himself.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The heavens were clear, serene, and beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth—(there, we've slid down to earth once more; such lofty flights, they make our head dizzy.) We were about to say the earth had yielded her bountiful harvest of a year's grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had gathered within their store-houses; but upon a second thought we have concluded to word thus: "The farmers of Chesterville were done haying."

John Jackson's sister had gone to "Keith's Mill" to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole

away to the meadow, a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, and must avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat and sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John if he took off his pants he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to believe that he would be seen by any person. So John stripped off and no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he was having, and the lucky escape he had made from meeting with the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine tinter with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed upon John's mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning around like a top, he was ready to strike at a 2,40 rate, when at that moment the snake was near enough to hook his crooked teeth into John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring he darted off, with the speed of a locomotive.

His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as John stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to find the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the speed with which he rushed forward, kept the serpent extended to an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped, the snake would coil around his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued his race, he must soon fall from mere exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction home, a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone—the quilting, and the worst of all, the girls! This new horror sent the blood back, curdling about his heart, and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cold clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of a cozening way, as though his snakeship only meditated a little fun, by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With a yell, such as man never utters save when in mortal terror, poor John again set forward at break neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position, somewhat after the fashion of the tail of a comet.

On they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake. His active exercise, he paid particular attention to his running) together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose bleeding, and as he ran, ears erect and head thrown back, his chin, throat and bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first wild shriek had startled the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some mad Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake, and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls.—He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear and he once more halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn, the snake came round with a whizz, somewhat after the fashion of the coach whip.

Having reached the barn yard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength he bounded into the snake ditto, and as he alighted on the other side, his snake-

ship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an Indian cracker.

Again John set forward, utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house became the centre of the attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corners, his snakeship came around with a whizz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder struck girls without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—"Call a man!"

And away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whizz of the snake sounded half way between a low whistle, and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution—"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reappeared she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and held upon John's garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and went to his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday clothes, but little the worse for his race, and to all appearances entirely cured of bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married, and whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say: "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

Few people are able, in conversation, to give the proper sound to the combined consonants *ts*. They can say *tsist* easily enough, but they fail to enunciate *tsists*. They drop the *t* between the *s*, and say *tsis's*. The following lines are a good exercise to remedy this defect. They should be repeated slowly at first, then more rapidly as the tongue learns to give the *t* always with perfect distinctness:—

"Amid the wisps, with stoutest boasts,  
He thrusts his fists against the posts,  
And still insists he sees the ghosts of Egypt's boasts."

"Pat, can you tell me what is a virgin?"

"To be sure I can, Jenny."

"Well, then will ye be after doin' it?"

"Yes, jist. It's a woman that's never been married at all."

"Be ye in earnest, Pat?"

"Yes, Jenny."

"The saints in heaven be praised, then, my mother is a virgin; my father never married her at all!"

SAMPLE.—A good story is told of the late W. E. Burton which we have never seen in print. While traveling on a steamboat down the Hudson he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak.

The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article such as travelers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar and serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it, bring me some."

Dr. Hayes recently, at a public dinner given to him at Halifax, made a speech, in which he said that it was his purpose to renew the attempt next year to discover the North Pole, and expressed the belief that, with steam power, a strong team of dogs, and a well organized system of advanced depots, the North pole can be reached.

Punch asks the following "cockney conundrum": "What's the difference between the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, and his successor? Abdul Medjid is Abdul as was, but the present Sultan is Abdul Aziz."

A Wife's Crop.—A Missouri paper informs its readers that the "wife crop of Gasconade county, in 1860, was 25,000 gals." The next paper corrected the error by putting "wine" instead of wife.

How sadly true it is in these times, that "Not every man that dives into the sea, is a fish."

## Select Poetry.

From the Evening Gazette.

The following splendid piece of Poetry, was written by Miss Nancy Patton, aged 14 years, of Ballston, to Mr. Reeder King, a member of Co. "D," Morehead's 100th Reg. P. V.

### The Picket Guard.

Consider, how goes the night without? The wind  
Sings wintery cold;  
A weary watch 'till by to-night for our pickets leave  
And hold;  
A weary watch for our noble boys, but their hearts are  
Brave and true,  
And those who wear a soldier's name, a soldier's work  
Must do.

A weary watch the pickets keep, but his stout heart  
Never fails,  
As his keen eye scans the distant hills and intervening  
Valley,  
Through long dark hours, that endless seem, without  
One word or break;  
For should he sleep upon his watch, the penalty is—  
Death.

Death! Oh! how the thought must be at such a time  
And place,  
When danger's ever-threatening form so stares him in  
The face—  
With thought to break the stillness that seems as of the  
Sonder sleep—  
Except his own firm, measured tramp that seems the  
Sound of peace.

Perhaps some distant market boom, from out some rebel  
Land,  
Or a comrade's death-shout—who can tell—breaks on  
The midnight air.

The sound wakes a moment's thought—a moment's  
Sonder sleep—  
As soon forgot as the echo sinks back to the caves of  
Night.

He thinks of what? of war? Ah! no, home memories  
And he thinks of those fresh from home and of dear  
One left behind;  
Of loving ones beside the hearth, and a little form at  
The stove.

And he, thinking says, "Elsewhere I forget, they'll not  
Forget me there."  
The hours creep on, and daylight breaks; a comrade  
And the guard, unobtrusively, dare rest—and rest  
Is sweet.

Upon his lonely camping bed he seeks from care re-  
lief,  
And dreaming still of friends and home, the picket sleeps  
In peace.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., NOV. 1861.

## Select Miscellany.

### A Military Execution.

A scene was transacted in the Camps below Washington on Friday, which is not often witnessed in this country. It was the execution of Wm. H. Johnson, of the Lincoln Cavalry, in the presence of 7000 soldiers. He was charged with deserting from the army and communicating information to the enemy. He was on picket duty on horseback and left his post to go to Richmond. He fell in with a scouting party, whom he took to be rebels and walked up to them, shaking hands with an officer, telling him that he was a rebel, too and had long tried to get away from the United States army. As it happened the party he took for rebels were Union troops, out on a scouting expedition. They seized him and brought him back to camp. He was court-martialed and ordered to be shot. The sentence was carried out on Friday. The funeral procession is described as very solemn. Johnson remained in the chaplain's tent until the hour arrived for him to take his place, the most conspicuous one of any in the mournful procession. The spot chosen for the impressive scene was a spacious field near the Fairfax Seminary, a short distance from the camp ground of the division. The troops fell into line, forming three sides of a square, in the order designated in the programme, precisely at three o'clock P. M.

In the meantime the funeral procession was formed at the quarters of Capt. Boyd, Provost Marshal, of the Alexandria division, near the headquarters of General Franklin. Shortly after three o'clock it reached the fatal field.

The Provost Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his breast led the mournful cortege. He was immediately followed by the buglers of the regiment, four a breast, dismounted. Then came the twelve men—one from each company in the regiment, selected by ballot—who constituted the firing party. The arms—Sharp's breach loading rifle—had been previously loaded under the direction of the Marshal. One was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could positively state that the shot from his rifle killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood stained, and with-  
out any inscription, came next in a one horse wagon. Immediately behind followed the unfortunate man in an open wagon.

Johnson presented a most forlorn spectacle. He was dressed in cavalry uniform with the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by father McVee, who was in constant conversation

on horseback. The rear was brought up by Company C of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

Arriving on the ground at half-past three o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the criminal descended from the wagon.—The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his place beside it. The firing party was marched up to within six paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen. The final order of execution was then read to the condemned.

While this order was being read Johnson stood with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the ground. Near the close of the reading one of his spiritual attendants whispered something in his ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few final words before he should leave this world to appear before his Maker. He was conducted close to the firing party, and, in an almost inaudible voice, spoke as follows:—

Boys—I ask forgiveness from Almighty God and from my fellow men for what I have done. I did not know what I was doing. May God forgive me, and may the Almighty keep all of you from all such sin.

He was then placed beside the coffin again. The troops were witnessing the whole of these proceedings with the intensest interest. Then the Marshal and the Chaplain began to prepare the culprit for his death. He was too weak to stand.—He sat down on the foot of the coffin.—

Captain Boyd then bandaged his eyes with a white handkerchief. A few minutes of painful suspense intervened while the Catholic clergymen were having their final interview with the unfortunate man.

All being ready the Marshal waved his handkerchief as the signal and the firing party discharged the volley. Johnson did not move, remaining in a sitting posture for several seconds, after the rifles were discharged. Then he quivered a little and fell over beside his coffin. He was still alive, however, and the four reserves were called to complete the work. It was found that two of the firing party, Germans, had not discharged their pieces, and they were immediately put in irons. Johnson was shot several times in the heart by the first volley. Each of the four shots fired by the reserves took effect in his head, and he died instantly. One penetrated his chin, another his left cheek, while two entered the brain just above the left eyebrow. He died at precisely at a quarter to four o'clock.

The troops then all marched round, and each man looked on the bloody corpse of his late comrade who had proved a traitor to his country.

The universal sentiment was that he deserved his fate, and the example will prove highly beneficial.

### Col. John Neil, of Tennessee.

Col. John Neil was born and raised in a pine tent, on the banks of the Cumberland river. At the age of fifteen he ran away from his father, and made his way to the wilderness of Texas. He there adopted the profession of arms, which he never more relinquished. He was Captain of Rangers, Col. of militia, a guardsman to Mexican traders and a general thief catcher for the Sheriffs of many counties; and yet a braver, warmer, more generous heart, never beat in human bosom.

Shortly after he went to Texas, while at the Star Hotel in Houston, he got into a dispute with Seth Allen, a noted blackleg and duelist. Allen was a tall meagre athletic fellow, with thin face and huge mustache. Getting offended at some remark made by Col. Neil, Allen raised his foot to kick the Col., when the latter, quick as thought caught the foot in his right hand, and then stooping, suddenly thrust his head between Allen's legs, and fairly raised him on his neck. In that position he trotted off with the famous duelist, and tossed him into a mud hole, while roars of laughter proceed from the spectators. An immediate challenge, was the result. Col. Neil accepted the challenge, chose rifles of the largest size, and fixed the distance at a hundred yards.

"I will only wing him," said the laughing hero, as he took his stand; he is too poor to make good bacon!"

At the first fire he broke Allen's arm, and so the affair ended.

But the greatest feat that ever mortal man achieved was the escape of Neil from the Mexicans at the time of the massacre of Col. Fannin and his men in 1836. Neil was of Fannin's party, and the sole survivor

of Fannin and his company as prisoners of war if they would lay down their arms.— This Fannin agreed to, and the arms were given up. But Neil did not have confidence in the promises of the treacherous foe; so he concealed his pair of revolvers in his boots, and they remained their undiscovered.— The result of Fannin's surrender is familiar with every reader of history. After they had given up their arms he and his men were marched out in platoons and shot.

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims, but not so the giant Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer for his men to fire, Neil stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second; thrust his hand into the leg of each boot, he arose with a couple of six shooters, the deadly revolvers of Allen's patent, and commenced discharging them with the rapidity of lightning, into the thickest of his foes, his immense strength enabling him to pull off both triggers together.

Panic stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which Neil bounded, with the spring of a panther, and fled away, as if wings were tied to his heels, while half a dozen horsemen gave chase. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the giant Colonel would not distance even these, so much had the perils of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger faster than the rest might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approaching so near that the dragoon raised his flashing sabre for the coup de grace. Neil being conscious of his danger, hastily slackening his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared to mingle with his very hair; and then wheeling suddenly, he fired another round from his revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining trooper as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck off for the other shore. The dragoons discharged their side arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase!

In a few minutes Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming: "It will kill me! Just to think how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled the revolvers out of my boots!"

### A Real Incident.

In the autumn of 1823, a man was descending the Ohio river, with three small children in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and with the emigration spirit of our people, was transferring his all to another country, where he might again begin the world.

Arriving toward evening at a small island, he landed them for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions; and telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island. Unfortunately, he met with some loose companions on the shore who invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and in attempting to cross the river after night, was drowned. The canoe floated away, and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day.

The poor, deserted children in the meanwhile wandered about the uninhabited island straining their little eyes to get a glimpse at their father. Night came, and they had no fire nor food—no bed to rest upon, no parent to watch over them. The weather was extremely cold, and the older child, though but eight years of age, remembered that persons who slept in the cold were sometimes chilled to death. She continued to wander about, and when the younger children were worn out with fatigue and drowsiness, and were ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake by telling them amusing and alarming stories. At last nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then the sister sat down, and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them into her lap, and endeavored to impart the warmth of her own body to her

Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore weeping bitterly. At length they were filled with joy at the sight of a canoe approaching the island. But they, soon discovering that it was filled with Indians, their delight was changed into terror, and they fled into the woods. Believing that the savages had murdered their father and were now come to seek them, they crouched under bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridges.

The Indians having kindled a fire, sat down around it and began to cook their morning meal; and the eldest child, as she peeped from her hiding place, began to think they had not killed her father.— She reflected that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island; while, on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians.— The cries, too, of her brother and sister, who had been begging piteously for food, had pierced her heart and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her; then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp fire. Fortunately, the savages understood our language, and as the little girl had explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and conducted them to the nearest of our towns, where they were kept by some benevolent people until their own relations claimed them.

### Strange Adventure of a Picket.

While on my lonely boat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention; and on looking up I beheld one of Seesh's pickets standing before me.

"Stranger," says he, "you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born, but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chew tobacco."

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the First Families of Virginia. At least that's what I understood by the First Families of Virginia. I looked at him and says:—

"Let's compromise, my brother."  
"Never!" says he, "the South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

"Stand off ten paces," says I, "and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first."

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the Seesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

"Soldier," says he, "was there anything in my head before you fired?"

"Nothing," says I, "save a few harmless insects."

"I speak not of them," says he. "Was there anything inside of my head?"

"Nothing," says I.  
"Well," says he, "just listen now."  
He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

"What is that?" I exclaimed.  
"That," said he, "is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach, but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?"

Too much affected to speak, I drew a coin from my pocket and handed it to him. The dying man clutched it convulsively, stared at it feverishly.

"This," said he, "is the first quarter I have seen since the fall of Sumter, and had I wounded you, I should have been totally unable to give you any quarter. Ah, how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and how good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel."  
The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose. He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down on that fallen type of washboard, and thinking how singularly it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot the body was gone! Had it gone to heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps the warmth of her own body to her